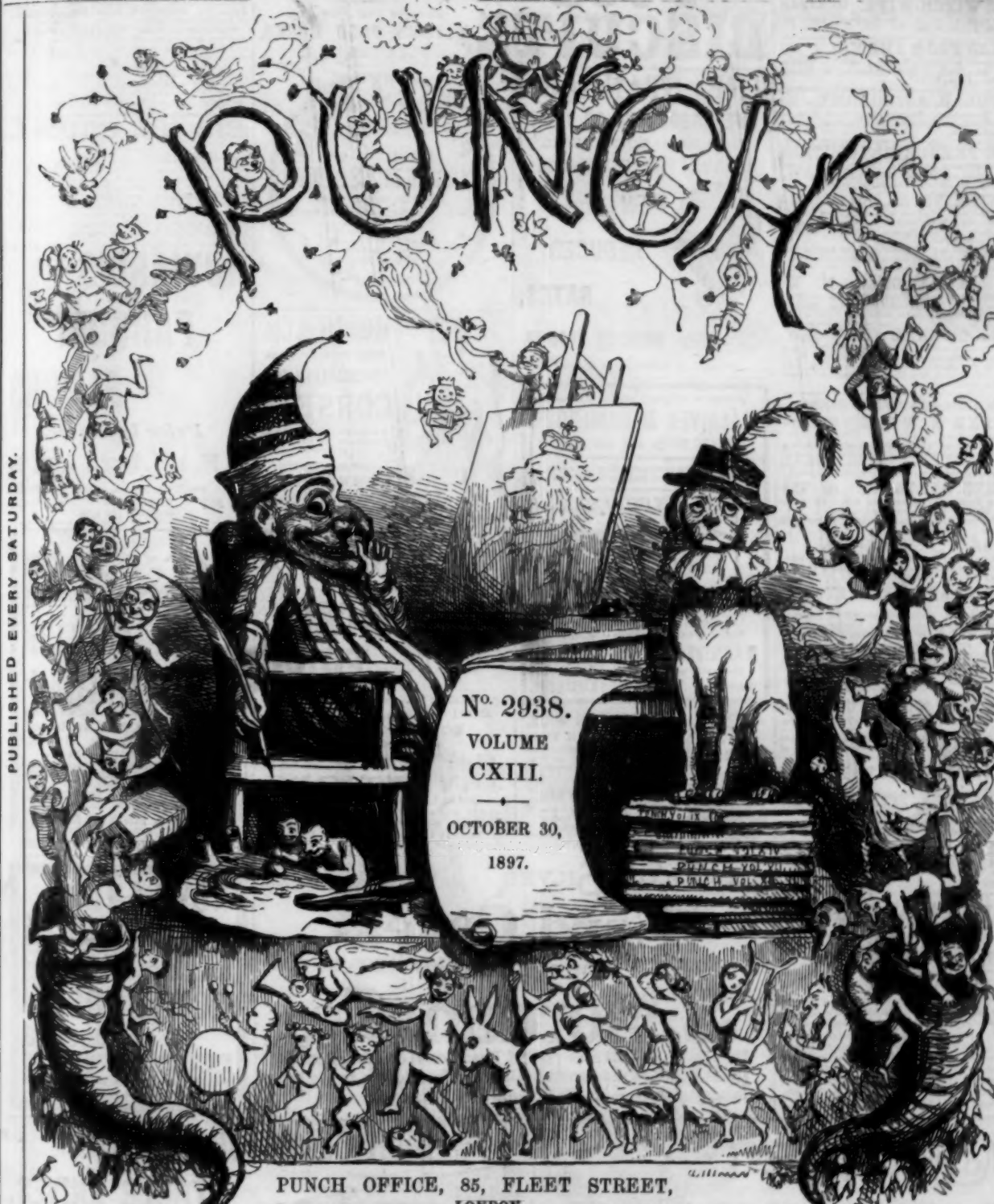


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du Maurier

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JUVENILE APPRECIATION.

Teddy (come to see pheasants shot (but they decline to rise to the occasion), to the head keeper).
 "I SAY, MR. WHITE, OF COURSE YOU KNOW THE NAMES OF ALL YOUR PHEASANTS? OUR HUNTSMAN KNOWS THE NAMES OF ALL HIS DOGGIES, AND I KNOW SOME OF THEM!"

DARBY JONES ON THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

HONOURED SIR,—Having provided you and your friends with Winter Coals, I now venture to essay to supply you and yours with sundry Luxuries by naming the Winner of the Cambridgeshire Stakes, a race which some of the Greenhorns of Turf Commerce appear to compare with the Cesarewitch, quite forgetting the difference in distance and weight. It is indeed astonishing how these Neophytes (an expression freshly culled from the excellent Webster's Dictionary) imagine that an animal that can do over two miles in proud

style, is equally useful at about half the distance. You might just as well ask a long-distance Human Plodder to win a hundred yards competition. True it is that more than once, as in the case of *Plaisanterie*, the same quadruped has caught the Judge's Eye on both occasions, but how rare have been these Freaks of Fortune, and how carefully planned has been the *coup de grace*! (*Tarver's Anglo-French Dictionary*).

Believe me, honoured Sir, and I speak with the authority of that fine sportsman, Sir JOHN ASTLEY, better known as "The Mate," that, in nine cases out of ten, s

Cesarewitch nag is not a Cambridgeshire crock. And this should be remembered when the lowlier sort of punters are sending their Post-Office Orders to the Exiled Bookmakers of Holland, with the expectation of a Double Event. This, by the way, is an exceedingly difficult manoeuvre to accomplish, and yet I have succeeded in bringing it off quite recently with *Diakka* in the Duke of York Stakes, and *Merman* in the Cesarewitch.

A Noble Earl (I need not say whether of British birth) who is beholden to me for satisfactory advice on the subject, has, in addition to forwarding me a substantial cheque, sent me a basket of Norwegian Ptarmigan. Inasmuch as I am strictly forbidden by my Medical Man to touch this Scandinavian Fowl, I have directed the L. P. D. C. to convey the hamper to your palatial residence,* with a request that you would pay the carriage. Your thanks I accept beforehand, and now proceed to celebrate in metrical lines the present great Equine Handicap of Newmarket:—

The *Balsam* gent I don't admire,
 To *Yorkist* claims do not aspire,
 No *Burning Ash* my pen will fire,
 But an *Eastern Dame* respect, Sir,
 But I surely in the 1, 2, 3,
 A *Yankee Saint* expect to see,
 And (with a run) the *Jersey Lillie*,
 Her one of the two don't neglect, Sir.

Well aware that I have thrown priceless chances to those Winds which blow about the Cape of Good Hope, I write myself down as usual, honoured Sir,

Your devoted minion,
 DARBY JONES.

P.S.—At the same time remember that a millionaire is not above picking up a pin.

* We were not taking any in.—Ed.

TO SIR F.-P., BART.

[Sir FAUDEL FAUDEL-PHILLIPS, Bart., Lord Mayor, has been made a Knight Grand Commander of the most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire.]

HAIL! Sir FAUDEL!

Gaily chorde!

FAUDEL-PHILLIPS, Bart.!

"K. G. C."

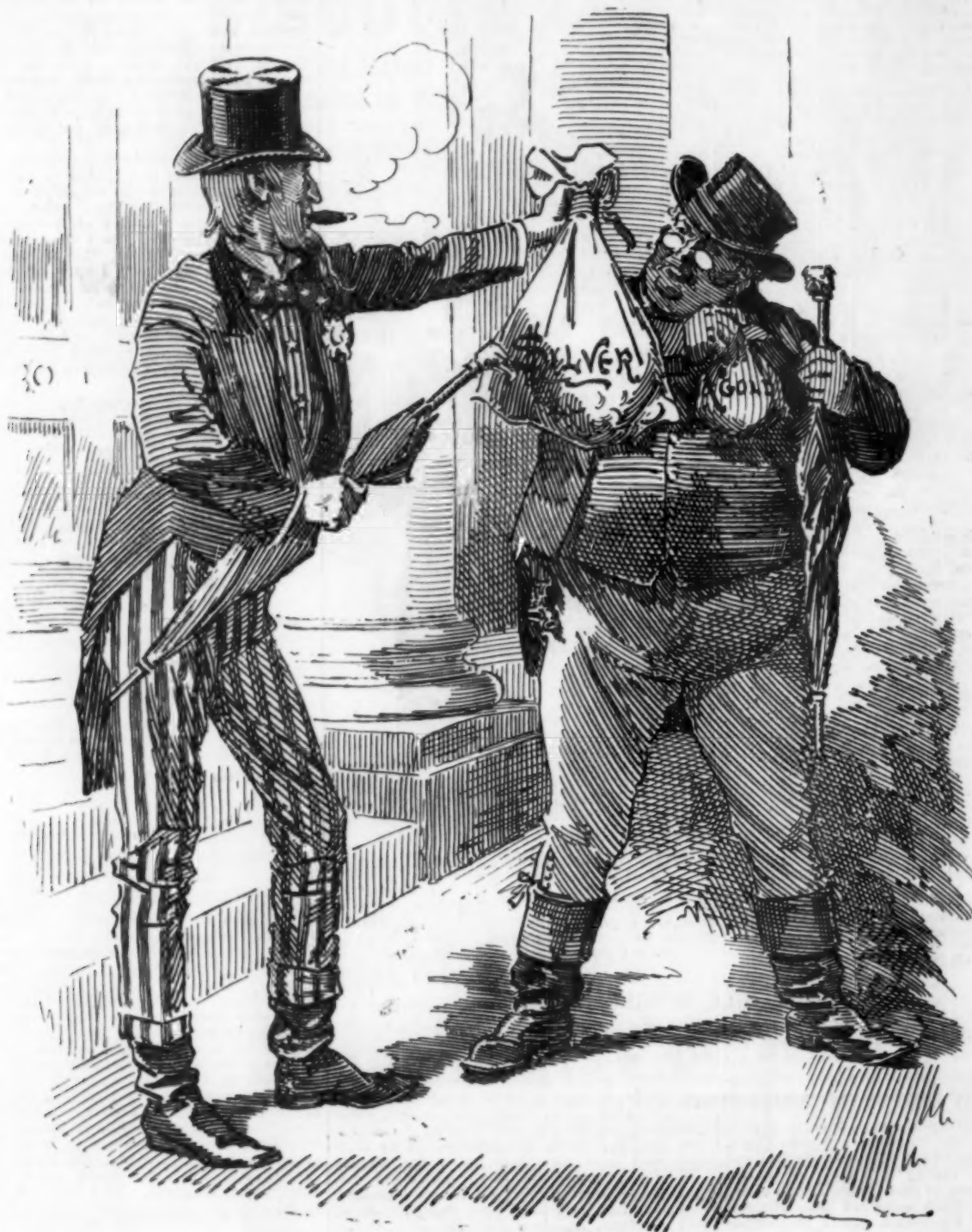
E. O. I. E."

Lord Mayor still thou art!

* Old form of "chortle."

"SERMONS IN STONES."—"Sir EDWARD SAMSOON," according to the *Daily Telegraph*, "has offered to the Corporation of Brighton, five statues, representing 'Night,' 'Morning,' 'Truth,' 'Welcome,' and 'Fidelity,' for the decoration of one of the public parks." What a fine moral lesson to husbands, and a moral for those inclined to dine not wisely but too well. "Night" would represent the husband going out to a bachelor dinner; "Morning" his return therefrom; "Truth," which he murmured indistinctly to himself; "Welcome," what he received from his wife; "Fidelity," the way in which he kept his promise not to do it again. The SAMSOON statues will give a fine moral lesson to Brightonian husbands. May they profit by it!

A CREATURE WHO LEFT THE OASIS OF PLENTY FOR THE DESERT OF DISTRESS.—The Kew Gardens Pelican—killed by some one who ought never to have been trusted with a gun—October 19, 1897—far, far from home.



"LET WELL ALONE."

John Bull. "NO, THANK YE, JONATHAN. I'VE DONE VERY WELL WITH MY GOLD, AND I DON'T WANT ANY CHANGE!"

BOTANICAL BOOTS.

[According to an interview in the *Daily Mail*, the ultra-vegetarians consider it against their principles to wear foot-gear made of leather, and substitute therefor materials of non-animal origin, such as flax, paper, cotton, or some other product of the vegetable kingdom.]

To make vegetable boots,
You must go and grub up roots
In your private kitchen-garden, if you own
a cabbage-patch;
Else at your next-door neighbour's
You should prosecute your labours,
Or at Kew, perhaps, when no one's by,
some odds and ends you'll snatch!

For no longer must you wear
The ordinary pair
That are made of cow-hide, porpoise-skin,
or cuticle of pig;
You must shun them altogether
With ev'ry sort of leather,
And endeavour to encase your feet in
vegetarian rig.

Then very soon you'll feel
That, if you need a meal,
You can boil your beetle-crushers, or convert
them into stew;
And, when you're in a hurry,
You can dine on slipper-curry,
And say with truth, "I'll eat my hat if I
don't eat my shoe!"

The Early Bird.

It seems that a curious zoologist has been sitting out at night to check the times at which birds begin to sing. The April dawn commenced to break at 2.30 A.M., though a sparrow had already anticipated matters by chirping at 2 A.M. The following, however, is a still more important observation, and one may perhaps be pardoned for adding the italics of admiration:—

"At twenty-seven minutes past three o'clock"—to quote the *Westminster Gazette*—"larks began to soar and sing all round, although there was scarcely light enough to read by." Came without their notes, we suppose.

FUR-CONE.—A daily paper states that, wing to the mild weather, furs are "dropping rapidly." Evidently a change of hair is required.



A GIFT OF ARGUMENT.

"GIVE ME A RIDE ON YOUR BACK, DADDY." "NO, DEAR; NOT HERE."
"WHY NOT, DADDY?" "OH, THERE ARE TOO MANY PEOPLE ABOUT."
"BUT IF YOU TOOK ME ON YOUR BACK THERE WOULD BE ALL THE MORE ROOM FOR THE PEOPLE!"

"A WEIGH THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY."

"By the new regulations, it is now necessary that Army candidates for commissions should not only possess the chest measurement and height prescribed, but that they should also be of a certain minimum weight."—*Daily Press*.]

"I CAN assure you, Sir," said the lad, "that I have studied hard to make myself proficient."

"That may be," replied the examiner, "but I fear, from your appearance, that one necessary acquirement has been sadly neglected."

"Pray do not say so," cried the youth in a piteous tone. "I am so anxious to become a soldier. I come of a race of warriors. My father was at Inkermann, my grandsire took an eagle at Waterloo, and the founder of our race (we are of Saxon origin) was the only general who made any serious stand at Hastings."

"With such a pedigree," observed the examiner, "it is strange that your physique should not be stronger."

"Possibly it comes of over-study," continued the youngster. "I have worked day and night for years. I know all that can be known in military history, and am up to my eyes in the minutiae of the profession. As for drill—in all its branches—I have learned it backwards, forwards, and side-ways. Test me, Sir, and you will find I am up in everything."

The examiner good-naturedly put a few questions, which the candidate answered with the greatest ease and precision.

"Yes, you appear to know the technical part of the necessary

education, and the Civil Service Commissioners have seen that you have had the ordinary training of an English gentleman."

"Yes, I was at Eton and Christ Church."

"But you apparently neglected athletics."

"Neglected athletics!" exclaimed the excited youth. "My dear Sir, you cannot have read the papers. Did you not see how I broke the record of the five mile race, equalled the long-jump, and carried all before me in a novel competition known—I presume tentatively—as hurling horses?"

"Yes, I have heard something of this."

"And it is not for me to speak of it, but I wear, concealed under my waistcoat, this medal, which was presented to me for saving lives from drowning. And if I may say so without laying myself open to the charge of self-laudation, I might suggest that I was not called at school 'Courageous CHARLIE' for nothing."

"Still, you know the new regulation. It must be enforced."

"I have done my best. I have eaten porridge, a popular food for cattle, oil-cake, everything. And yet I dread the test."

"Be brave," replied the examiner. "Take a seat. It will be over in a moment."

The lad obeyed the instruction, and eagerly waited for the verdict.

"Nine stone exactly!" said the examiner. "You are not fat enough for the army."

"This is thin, indeed!" cried the youth. And although there was a certain play upon words in the remark, the unsuccessful candidate was too sad to smile at the witticism.



The Chinese Navy, according to the "Daily Mail":—"A Board of Admiralty is to be established to legislate under the advice of a European organiser."

THE FIRST BOARD MEETING, BY OUR PROPHECIC CHINESE ARTIST.

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

No. I.—TO VINCENT ESHER, LATE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

MY LORD,—It would not be right that an event so momentous as your retirement from the Bench, that for so many years you have adorned, should pass unnoticed by Mr. Punch, your friend and admirer.

Our judicial system is to-day poorer by the loss of a real man. Time and again has he who pens these lines watched you as you burst your way with masculine force through the tangled web of sophistries that too often passes for legal acumen. What were precedents to you if precedents told against your view of what was right? You could always distinguish, as the lawyers say, and if your distinctions toppled over for ever the decided cases in which the unwisdom of your musty predecessors had had full scope, so much the worse for the decided cases and so much the better, it may be added, for good sense and sound law.

They said you were rough in your speech, that you did not check in time the crushing remark provoked by boredom, stupidity or perversity. It may be so. *Oscie* was never your model of manners, and, in truth, an *Oscie* on the Bench would be a melancholy sight. And sometimes the animal spirits that have carried you vigorously from your stalwart undergraduate days, through the rough and tumble of a barrister's and a Judge's life, up to the moment of your retirement, would break out irrepressibly amid the pompous gloom of your Appeal Court, and you would revel in a wordy contest with all the zest of a Caius man belabouring a Barnwell bargee. They still do these things at Caius, I am told, when the occasion requires, and I warrant that you, the noblest Caius of them all, would be the last to blame the happy diversions of youth.

But, rough or otherwise, you were sterling to the core, and as kindly as you were sterling. Others might be cajoled or

wheedled: no man can say that he ever succeeded in humbugging you, or that, if he tried to, he brought anything but sorrow and bruised bones out of the conflict. But being a man you liked a man, though he might be your temporary opponent, and the robust energy that urged you to a bout of mental fisticuffs caused you to treat as a mere nothing any blow that might descend on your own skull during the encounter. You forgave and were forgiven; you respected and were respected.

And through all the turmoil and the conflict, highly placed and honoured as you were, you preserved ever a happy memory of the days of your youth when BRETT of Caius was a name to conjure with in the world of oarsmen. BRETT of Caius, who, as a brother Judge sang of him:—

—rowed seven to STANLEY,
Every inch the Judge—the man;
Upright, downright, comely, manly,
Beat him, Oxford, if you can!

And I cannot doubt that the ancient medals that bore testimony to your aquatic prowess on the tideway, and at Henley, are still amongst your most cherished and delightful possessions. Others might stiffen and totter and forget, but with you the athlete's delight in conflict, the joyous spirit of abounding vitality that bore you on when your sinews were cracking and your breast was heaving in the fierce stress of a boat-race, the fighter's determination to win or to die—these were and are yours still as when you sat behind STANLEY and helped to snatch victory from the men in dark blue.

How genially, too, and with what tact and humour have you presided over the Boat-race dinners. The youngsters who had rowed rejoiced in your speeches, and always cheered you to the echo. Once, as I have heard, when having temporarily vacated the chairman's seat you were strolling round the tables, you paused behind a lad, who, somewhat inspired by Bacchus, was lustily shouting, "Good old ESHER," a call which, though it showed

enthusiasm, was not altogether so respectful as the dignity of a Lord Justice might seem to require. On him still shouting, and unaware of your presence at his back, you laid a paternal hand: "My dear boy," you said, "I'm afraid your head will ache to-morrow. I once shouted like that myself, and—well, my head ached the next morning," and with that you passed on, leaving the boy reduced to a surprised and unwonted silence. It may interest you to know that he subsequently declared you were "a ripper."

And now you are gone into a retirement which we all wish may be as peaceful and pleasant as it is honourable. We shall miss you. Often, when some prosy dryasdust is laying down the law, we shall long for those refreshing gusts of vigorous common sense that swept through your Court when you presided over it. These we shall not feel again, but your example of manly strength and robust insight and unswerving rectitude in word and deed will remain with us unforgotten and undimmed through the years that are to come.

I am, my Lord, with deep respect,

Your faithful servant,

THE VAGRANT.

HAND AND GLOVE AT THE AQUARIUM.

It's wonderful! Marvellous! the reproduction of the great fight between FITZSIMMONS and CORBETT by Fisticuffographic Process at the Aquarium! They "come like shadows, so depart," and I fancy the Witches in their cave knew this trick and presented a series of "living pictures" for the instruction and amusement of *Macbeth*. By the way, herein is a hint for Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON should he wish to give this Shakspearian drama with genuine novel effects. Or, why should not the "living pictures" be given in the Play Scene in *Hamlet*? But this, by the way. *A nos mutemur!* For they don't speak a word! Not a sound to be heard! Except the whirring of the machinery. O my head! Never was there so dense and so silent a crowd living, moving, waving hands, and doing all that mortal men can do except speak.

Never having seen a prize-fight, I had imagined that two athletes stripped to the waist, as they appear in prints of champion pugilists, would gracefully stand up to each other until one of them could stand up no longer, the interval being occupied in "squaring up," "hitting out," "slogging," "landing" each other "one on the nut," and, in a general way, exhibiting what muscle, training, and science can effect. Consequently I was considerably astonished at finding these two champions, who seem to hate one another like poison, that is, if the refusal of FITZSIMMONS to shake hands with CORBETT is to be taken as an indication of this deadly inimical sentiment, occupying the greater part of the time taken up by the encounter in getting quite close together, and apparently hugging each other in so loving an embrace that they find the greatest difficulty in parting; in fact FITZSIMMONS seemed quite sorry to let CORBETT go, and vice versa. Sometimes they dance, and hop, and hurry, and scurry round the ring, but, as it always seems, with only one aim and end, namely, that FITZSIMMONS is so deeply attached to CORBETT (or CORBETT to FITZSIMMONS, it does not matter which) as to be perpetually making for him, with a view to taking him to his arms, and giving him just another hug for old acquaintance sake, and to show that, though at the commencement he had refused to go through the formality of shaking hands, yet he was desperately attached to him, and only wanted to take him to his heart and whisper the touching truth in his ear. All this time the two champions are being followed about all over the place by a stout man in shirt-sleeves, light tie, and high collar, whom at first I took to be a kind of clergyman of some persuasion, skipping about to avoid their both hitting him or treading on his toes, and, probably, perpetually reminding them of Dr. WATTS' hymn, how, "Dogs might delight to bark and bite," and "Lions to growl and fight," but that for a couple of Christians to be engaged in a deadly pummeling encounter was not a seemly spectacle, nor a good example to set to the thousands of spectators there gathered together. However, it was soon explained to me that this stout personage, something between a genial elderly parson and a robust landlord of a public house, was GEORGE SILK, of Chicago, the referee. A nice time he must have had of it! Once he was nearly sent over the ropes with both champions on the top of him!

The fight continues. Sometimes they are in the full clear light of day, but in a steady pelt of rain or snow, at other times they are all in shadow and a heavy storm is pouring down; but whether in light or shade, all the figures, principals and crowd, are moving about under a kind of continuous Niagara waterfall, of which everyone seems utterly unconscious. It is this that makes it so weird. At last, however, FITZSIMMONS becoming annoyed at all his overtures for his amiably-intentioned hugging and em-



Kitty (whose papa has got a telephone). "GRAN'MA, ARE YOU THERE?"

bracing being rejected, hits CORBETT a nasty one, when down goes the latter on his knee, and what is more, he can't get on his legs again when "time" is called; whereupon "FITZSIMMONS is," says the voice of a mysterious showman coming to us through the gloom, for the spectators are almost in darkness, "proclaimed the winner."

This verdict evidently so annoys CORBETT, that, recovering his legs just a few seconds too late, he rushes at FITZSIMMONS, who might have been taken unawares but for the rapid intervention of seconds, backers, umpire, men with fans, men with towels, men with sponges, all throwing themselves on the dangerous defeated one, and hustling him out of the ring. Then in surges the crowd, and all is muddle and jumble and jostling, when suddenly everything and everybody vanishes, the nightmare is over, the hall is once more in full light, and we, with FITZSIMMONS in one eye, CORBETT in the other, and our head aching from the silent fists of both, are staring about, dazed, wondering if "there are visions about," whether everybody is real, whether—"Ah! I've been a-lookin' for you, Sir!" 'Tis the voice of the cabman, I hear him complain. I had forgotten to pay him! He has been waiting for me just one hour and a half. Yes; I am alive; so is the cabman. It is real.

Siamese Susceptibilities.

["King CHULALONGKORN is in Spain . . . he was much surprised to find that so characteristic an amusement as a bull-fight had been left out from the authorised programme of entertainments. It was explained to him that it had been omitted solely out of consideration to what the Spaniards conceived to be Siamese susceptibilities . . . So a bull-fight is being arranged."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

Is the King of SIAM turned an infidel now,
That his programme of bull-fights is full?
It certainly seems that his love for the cow
Is at best but a bit of a bull.

Note on Nelson.

SIR,—There is a house of call near here bearing the style and title of "The Nelson Arms." This must have been the very house where the young HORATIO in early days took his morning drink. His beverage was good English home-brewed (you remember "England, Home-brewed, and Beauty"?), as he was stalwart, thorough, and not a man for half-and-half measures. But to come to my pint, I draw your attention to the fact that the sign is "The Nelson Arms." Now he could not have frequented this place later in life, as then the landlord would certainly have re-named it "The Nelson Arm." Perhaps this will interest Sir WILLIAM FRASER, who seems to know all about everything connected with our naval hero. Faithfully yours,
"WHAT CHEER!"



The Colonel. "MR. MORIARTY, I RECEIVED THIS MORNING A MOST OFFENSIVE ANONYMOUS LETTER, AND, FROM CERTAIN INDICATIONS, I AM COMPELLED RELUCTANTLY TO ASK YOU IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT."

Moriarty. "AN ANONYMOUS LETTER! WHY, OI'D SCORN TO PUT MY NAME TO SUCH A THING!"

TO PHEME;

or, *La Belle Rumeur sans Vérité.*

(By TH-M-S B-W-L-S.)

AIR—"The Cane-bottomed Chair."

I WAS SOUNDING MY WAY ON THE OCEAN OF LIFE

Where the currents are capacious and wreckage is rife;

When a fairy-like figure emerged from the fog,

And I noted the same in my nautical log.

Like the Spirit of Dawn she divided the foam

With the easy aplomb of a porpoise at home,

And on deck up a hawser she gracefully slid

And reclined in her bloom on my binnacle-lid.

"Petty Officer THOMAS," the lady began,
"For I think I address that remarkable man,

I am PHEME, who hails from the vacuous blue,

Petty Officer BOWLES, I've a message for you!

"One word will suffice for a sapient tar
Which is just the identical sort that you are—

Take it, then, on the faith of the feminine sex,

That your Commodore's going to send in his checks!"

"Say no more!" I replied, for my temples were red

Where the blood from my heart had got into my head,

And my hair was erect from its ultimate roots,

As already I trod in the Commodore's boots!

I was visibly swelling in stature and weight
While I pictured my hand at the helm of the State,

And I looked at my PHEME and longed to encase

Her delectable form in my folding embrace.

I advanced with the purpose of stroking her wings

(Have I mentioned she wore these adorable things?)

When she checked me in virginal tones of revolt—

"Do not touch me, my THOMAS! I'm going to moult!"

It was true. She attempted to soar from my clasp,

But her feathers came off in my amorous grasp,

And she fell with a thud in the neighbouring main,

And I never set eyes on the creature again.

False, fleeting and perjured, my PHEME had passed

To the limbo of rumours too rotten to last,

And the total remains for her THOMAS to weep

Was the fluff of her wings in a fatuous heap.

So I turn to my study of nautical lore
In a solitude darker than ever before,

For the vision of splendour is hopelessly hid

That she drew (in the rough) on my binnacle-lid.

Yet a relic I cherish, a feather to wear,
For the sake of a party so fickle and fair,

And at times I shall chew me a querulous quid

Where she sat in her bloom on my binnacle-lid.

Shakespeare and Sport.

THEATRES, theatres, everywhere! Among the latest, and doing uncommonly well as it appears, with LEONARD BOYNE in a horsefied drama by Messrs. RALPH and HICKS, entitled *Sporting Life*, is the Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham. Good gracious! Clapham that was once so "serious" and anti-theatrical! Yet, when you come to think of it, or go there to see it, oughtn't Clapham to be the very place where an actor would be most welcome! Doesn't the very name express the sound of applause so dear to an actor's ear and heart? And, as a suburb, isn't Clapham quite handy to London? It would be a bad omen if, instead of Clapham, it was called Hissaham, Peltum, or Guyem. A sporting piece, too! Just the place! for isn't Clapham on the road to Epsom? and do not Clapham Schools rejoice on Derby Day? Produced at the Shakespeare Theatre! Why, certainly. Just exactly what WILLIAM, who, as is shown in his works, was a real good sportsman, would have revelled in! Brayvo! Clapham!

At the Quickshot Club.

First Sportsman. Well, I killed four rabbits with two barrels last September.

Second Sportsman. And I had five partridges on one drive, three coming towards me, and two with fresh cartridges over the hill.

Third Sportsman (wearily). But nobody comes up to my slaying of an elephant in Assam with a pea rifle. Would you like to hear the yarn?

[The Third Sportsman is immediately left alone.]



“ENGLAND EXPECTS—”

SHADE OF F.-M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. “ALL RIGHT FOR YOUR SERVICE, NELSON; BUT, BEGAD, SIR, THEY’LL HAVE TO STRENGTHEN MINE!”



THE PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

TO BE BOLTED WITH DOWN-HILL, A BIT OF MUD IN YOUR EYE, AND WITH EVERYONE IN THE FIELD YELLING, "WARE WIRE!"

"SCOTS WHA HAE."

TO COLONEL MATHIAS AND HIS GORDON HIGHLANDERS. CHARGE KOTAL, OCTOBER 20.

BRAVO, the Gordons! Proved again
The men that never fail!
Though gallant comrades, true and tried,
India's flower and England's pride,
Rushing to storm that bare hill-side,
Reeled in the raking hail.

Then skirled the pipes, and up you leapt;
Out rang your highland yell;
And there with boyish step and light,
Running the gauntlet up the height,
Shouting for battle's sheer delight,
Young ALEC LAMONT fell!

Fell as the Gordons choose to fall
On a well-won field afar;
Fell for the flag whose battle-stains
Speak of the fight by Delhi's fane,
Leaguer of Lucknow, Egypt's plains,
Kabul and Kandahar!

FROM THE PEGASUS STABLES.—"Wild white horses shan't drag it out of me!" as Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING said when asked to write a poem for the first number of the "Literature" of the Times. Wild white horses! Ah! Happy thought! So he gave in, and gave out the poem; and in true British pugilistic mood he exhorts his countrymen

"To mill your foe's man's armies;" but of course this implies that the "wild white horses" who are to go in for this knock-a-bout encounter require, first of all, a considerable amount of training.



'A TAIL PIECE.'

It was the long-tailed Dress Suits last Season.
Will it be the short-tailed ditto this Season?

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE GUY."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—At a time when everybody of note has an anniversary, it seems rather hard that my memory is becoming dimmer and dimmer, until it now stands a fair chance of being entirely forgotten. Of course, the cause of my popular unpopularity has become out of date. No one in this nineteenth century cares whether I blew up JAMES THE FIRST or not. The enthusiasm for that monarch has long since evaporated. Of late years it has been the custom to represent me as all sorts and conditions of men. Now I have appeared as a silly minister, a foolish general, a self-laudatory literary man. But now, even that kind of representative seems to be dying out. Unless this protest has the desired effect I feel that the fifth of November will pass without a sign of recognition. Should this be in these days of jubilation over Waterloo, Balaklava, and last, but not least, Trafalgar? I venture to reply in the negative, and to remain,
Yours faithfully, GUY FAWKES.

P.S.—My only consolation is that I am very well represented by most of the London statuary.

"Shine, Moon, Shine!"

[Mr. E. R. P. MOON, M.P. for North St. Pancras, has gone to Canoe to study the Cretan question.]

BRAVO, MOON! Will he let in a little moon-light on the difficulty? Perhaps just a silvery moon-beam on the troubled waters. Or will his visit only result in Moonshine?

CONSCIENTIOUS LAWYER'S ADVICE.—Do right: don't write.



FROM MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE FRONT.

"The enemy sent in a message that if the troops would come out and meet them *on equal terms*, they would fight."

TOMMY ATKINS TAKES THEM AT THEIR WORD, AND COMES OUT, ADOPTING THE FASHIONS OF THE LOCALITY!

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

["Another 'ex-head-master,' with an experience of seventeen years as head of a public school, seriously asks whether it would not be better to teach boys chess than Latin verses."—*St. James's Gazette*, Oct. 18.]

MESSRS. TEACHEM AND TRAINEMUP beg to call the attention of parents to the unique educational advantages offered by them at Cramwell College. The gratifying successes achieved by many of their former pupils give the best testimony to the merit of their system, which has completely superseded the old-fashioned theories of education. Their terms for boarders between the ages of ten and eighteen are £200 per annum, which will appear a very moderate figure when the expense involved in maintaining their brilliant staff of assistant-masters is taken into consideration. The following subjects, amongst others, are taught with the greatest care:

1. Lessons in Chess are given to every boy in the upper school, under the direction of Professor GAMBIT, the well-known player. Two hours a day are set aside for this subject, and there are examinations in end-games and problems every week, besides a tournament at the close of each term, by which the boy's place in class is finally decided. It is clearly recognised nowadays that Chess is a far more valuable study than any of the worthless dead languages. Boys in the middle school are taught Draughts, while those in the lower school are thoroughly grounded in Halma.

2. While Chess replaces, as has been indicated, the study of Latin and Greek, it has been found that Billiards forms an admirable substitute for mathematics. And, considering the enormous educational importance of this game, we have added that celebrated player, Mr. WYNNYNGE HAZARDE, to our staff of masters. Each boy is expected to bring to school at the beginning of term his own cue and a dozen pieces of chalk. The lower forms are given lessons in Bagatelle as a stepping-stone to the nobler game, and no one is admitted to the upper fifth until he has made a break of over twenty. Indeed, conscious of our responsibility towards the rising generation, we take the utmost pains that our pupils shall receive the best possible teaching in this all-important subject. And that we have not been altogether unsuccessful is shown by the number of important and responsible posts now filled by old Cramwellians. The markers at the "Spotted Dog" of Hounsditch, the "Red Lion" of Tooting, the "White Hart" at Puddleton, and many others, all received their early training at Cramwell College.

3. In the place of modern languages, history, and geography—useless subjects too long retained in the ordinary scholastic curriculum—our pupils are instructed in the game of whist by Professor TRUMPTER, whose name is a guarantee of the excellence of the teaching. Parents are requested to provide their sons with five shillings a week as card-money during term-time. In addition to the ordinary prizes, we offer annually a scholarship of £10 for especial merit in whist. The present holder is Master BROWN major, aged seventeen, who gained the distinction by his essay "On American Leads, with an excursus on Finesing." Professor TRUMPTER also lectures on Ecarté, Picquet, and Bésique, while another Professor (who prefers to remain nameless, but who for many years has enjoyed



THE SLOCUM POGIS TOILET-CLUB.

"THESE 'ERE BARBERS MAKES A RARE LOT O' FUNN ABOUT IT, BUT 'TAIN'T NOWT TO SHEEP SHEARIN'."

a large and lucrative practice) gives instruction in the Three-Card Trick to those boys whose parents wish it. An extra fee of £10 is charged for this course, which, however, will ensure for each pupil who masters it a constant source of income in future years. Lessons are also given to the junior forms in Dominoes, Beggar-my-Neighbour, and Spillikins. It will thus be seen that the educational course at Cramwell College thoroughly prepares the boys for their subsequent careers in the world, and the improvement on the old form of public-school education is indeed enormous.

From time to time parents inquire whether we give our pupils any instruction at all in such subjects as mathematics, history, geography and languages. Of course we cannot allow the hours which should be devoted to the serious study of games to be frittered away upon such trivial subjects as these. But we have no objection to allowing a boy to read, for instance, EUCLID and THUCYDIDES in his playtime. Only it must be clearly recognised that proficiency in Chess, Billiards,

&c., is of far more real importance to him, and that these other, more frivolous, studies must be kept in their proper place.

MESSRS. TEACHEM AND TRAINEMUP will be delighted to answer any questions from parents who think of entrusting their sons to their charge, and, for a testimonial to the worth of their system, can refer enquirers to "an ex-head-master, with an experience of seventeen years."

SOLVITUR CANENDO. — For continued neglect of French, Tommy had earned a caning. The cane, wielded by Dr. Barlow, missed Tommy's hand. "This," cried Tommy, "is what I call the 'cane perdue' process!" "Why so?" inquired his master, pausing. "Because," replied the juvenile humorist, "it is 'Whacks Lost!'" The sequel can be easier imagined than described.

PROVERBS GONE WRONG. — One man may look into a house, while another mayn't even leap over a haystack.



TAR-MADE IN GERMANY.

Mr. Punch. "HULLO! WHO ARE YOU?"
 Jack Tar. "MINE FREEND, DO YOU NOT KNOW ME? I AM DE BRIDISH SAILOR."

[According to the report just issued by the Registrar-General of Shipping and Seamen, British ships are becoming more and more manned by foreigners, and in the process of time, the British seaman will be as extinct as the Dodo. Out of 125,000 seamen employed last year in British sailing ships and steamers, 27,446 were foreigners.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

HER MAJESTY has had many gifts presented to her in Jubilee Year. Possibly none is more prized, few could be more magnificent, than the dedication of *The Oxford Dictionary*, the third volume of which has just issued from the Clarendon Press under the direction of Mr. HENRY FROWDE. Lord ALDENHAM, in addition to contributing two sons to the House of Commons, read all through the proof-sheets of the first volume. My Baronite sits amazed at contemplation of all he must know. SHAKESPEARE managed to write his plays with the employment of 20,000 words. Dr. MURRAY and his coadjutors in the work of *The Oxford Dictionary*, have as yet approached only the sixth letter of the alphabet. Yet they have exhaustively dealt with over 97,000 words. The erudition displayed is equalled by the aptness and ingenuity of the illustrations drawn from the field of the world's literature. Nothing on the same scale has ever been attempted. Nothing approaching it has ever been accomplished. The work, undertaken fifteen years ago, will, according to present plans, be finished in the year 1910—a superb legacy left by the nineteenth century to its successor.

Do not be frightened by the title of one of S. BARING-GOULD's most recent novels, *Bladys of the Stewpony*. It is not a warning to hippophagists given to stewing and devouring ponies. "The Stewpony" was originally "The Estepona Tavern," and who *Bladys* was, and how she became associated with the Stewpony, and what consequences to the charming heroine resulted therefrom, is it not all written in this book, and is not the book worth reading? Most decidedly. 'Tis as interesting a tale as has ever come out of the head of the ready-writing author, whose only error, to the Baron's thinking, is, that he has written a preface to it, which is not calculated to assist the romance, but, by telling you "how it's done," rather detracts from the story. Avoid the preface until you have finished the story. It is very well illustrated by Messrs. TOWNSEND and MUNN, and is published by METHUEN & Co.

Too many cooks spoil the broth. That is the proverbial rule: to which the clearly-typed, well-written and well-bound little volume, called, *London in the time of the Diamond Jubilee*, is a most decided exception, although its authors are EMILY CONSTANCE COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A. This Cookery Book is edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S., and published at Llangollen by DARLINGTON, whose name (Town of the Darling) is so suggestive of "Sweet JENNY JONES, the maid of Llangollen," and by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., in London. It is well illustrated, full of useful information, and fitted with maps, which have to be taken up tenderly, unfolded with care, and examined with the aid of a magnifier. With this book as his guide, philosopher, and friend, the stranger in the land will find himself quite at home, and should never be compelled to "ask a policeman," or to declare that "he dunno where he are."

In their pocket editions de luxe of the "Temple Classics," edited by ISRAEL GOLLANCE, M.A., Messrs. DENT & Co., of Aldine House, have already given us such *argumenta ad pocketum* as no collector of daintily-got-up and clearly-printed books can withstand. By way of adding to these literary travelling companions, bound, most handsomely, to go with us every-where by sea or land, the same Aldine House has commenced a new series of Sir WALTER SCOTT's novels, with useful glossary and notes; the first volume of *Waverley* being prefaced by an interesting Biographical Note by Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, a name of good omen where to give *multum in parvo* is the main object.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN.

Salzburg.—Across the Austrian frontier. Usual discomforts on entering another country. Custom House. Fresh customs, as usual, but not fresh manners. Yet perhaps more manners than in Germany. Also different money, and such money! The florin, the gulden, the krone, the kreutzer and the heller are bad enough. Add to these the Hungarian translations *korona* and *fillér*, and you have seven names to puzzle the foreigner. Then you reckon everything in kreutzers, and you inscribe the coins with the value in hellers. Imagine in England all the small coins being reckoned in farthings and marked in half-farthings. Also the change for a shilling being always farthings and threepenny-pieces—the latter in nickel so similar in size and colour to a shilling that one would need a strong light to distinguish them.

If that were the case, an Austrian tourist in London, having reckoned that the cab-fare for a very short distance should be forty-eight farthings, might in the dark hand to the cabman a nickel threepenny-bit instead of a piece of ninety-six half-farthings. Then, perhaps, you can—I cannot—imagine the remarks of the cabman, and the futile efforts of the Austrian to find "two bob" amongst the pieces of paper, silver, nickel and bronze in his pocket. Such, reversed, is the unpleasant position of the Englishman in Austria.

Salzburg is an interesting old city—so interesting that it is being rapidly improved out of existence by an Improvement Association, and so old that at every street-corner you find a horse-tramcar, or a steam-tramcar, or an electric-tramcar, or a railway up the hill, or a railway down the hill, or a funicular railway, or something mediæval of that sort. There is a castle, in the most picturesque situation imaginable, to which you go up in a lift, and, when you have been lifted right to the top, you find an ancient terrace, commanding a delightful view over snow-capped mountains and fertile valleys, and on the terrace half-a-dozen young ladies discussing the objects of interest in *Amerikanisch*. And there is an hotel, where you might suppose that you were not in Austria at all, seeing that everyone speaks English, and that the menu is in French, and that there is an American bar in the hall, where you can find all the cocktails you want. In England you may not so very frequently eat "Roastbeouf," "Irishstew," "Cheste Cheese," "Mixed Pickles," and similar delicacies; in Austria you can have them all daily—twice daily, if you like.

But if you want something superlatively excellent, you should not go to Salzburg, but to an hotel in a neighbouring village, the name of which need not be mentioned, thus advertised in the English language:

"Post Hotel in—. Charming view, fine apartments, accomplished drink, captivating meats, baths in hotel, &c."

One might obtain captivating meats elsewhere, but accomplished drink is a luxury unknown except in that hotel. What are the ingredients?

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City Agents—C. Clements, 61c, Old Broad Street, E.C. 4.
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